

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior Leonatoes doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adieu, be vigitant I beseech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. Conrade I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it driffles raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, ytter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of Don Iohn a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but see'st thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. See'st thou not (I say) what a deformed theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hor-

blonds, betweene foureteene & fiue & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharases* fouldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm-eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peccer seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first posselt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with vwhat he saw o're night, and send her home againe vwithout a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right master Constable, vve haue here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 3. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a looke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, neuer speake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vwith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bills.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursula. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Boro. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin vwill say so.

Boro. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tite vwith in excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaine* gowne that they praise so.

Boro. O that exceeds they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cues, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blew with tinsel, but for a fine quaint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Boro. God

Hero. God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy. *Enter Ursula.*
Marga. 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fic vpon thee, art not asham'd?
Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinge doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost fiue a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuf cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuf! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinks you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, *Don Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearly.

Leon. Brieft I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman *Verges* sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaieth honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeste then I.

Con. Dog. Compariions are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest faule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worship't, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leaue you.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. *(Exit.)*

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehome to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:

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heere,